

CLONOPATRA.

[The following remarkable poem by W. W. Story—the eminent sculptor—appeared many years ago in *Black and White*. Aside from the significance of its title, the idea of the poem is so bold and original that very few will feel themselves familiar with it even on a second reading. The idea of the Metempsychosis never had a simpler or more fitting illustration.]

Here, Charmin, take my bracelet
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillow—
They are hot where I have lain;
Open the lattice wider,
A gauge on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed that I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away;
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That would the blue smoke of its odor
In now but an airy bill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me,
Till I feel my veins they creep;
Kiss down my face and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiter the slow, majestic Nile,
Through slender poplars that cover
The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus rolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad-leaved pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.

The twilight breeze is lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And you little cloud is as motionless,
As stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh, for a storm and thunder
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that burden—hate it!
Take rather his battle and sword,
And crash and clash them together,
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under her feathers—
That dash across the light.
Look! listen; as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with street uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!

Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry "Come and see me here!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly, linking bell.
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll smash his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
Over the mountains quivering lay;
Till the nearer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in crystal branches,
Their earthly forms expire.

And the bald, bear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like a Jew's Jewels
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time,
Zones of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvet tiger,
Rubbed with yellow and black,
Stomped and cushioned-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled.

The silence of the night woods,
And fire in a transient flame,
I knew but the law of the woods,
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted cat—afraid and wild
In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the moonlight of splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting and dreaming,
Basked in the Tanais shade.
Till I heard my wild mate roar,
As the shadows of night came on,
To brood in the dark, and to howl,
And the shadow of sleep was gone.

Then I roared, and roared in answer,
And unshaken from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And I knew that I thought there
Were two trains, it's so confoundedly
Long. What am I to do?
"See the station-master by all means."

"Guard," says a lady at a carriage
window, "can you get a little milk for
my little dog?"
I manage to get it, take it to her, and
receive a shilling for my trouble, as she
terms it.

"Oh, guard, will you see that this
little boy is put down at Rolloston?"
"Well, I'll see, Miss. I've got plenty
to do without looking after youngsters.
Put him in, however; I'll see him all right."

The bell again warns passengers that
the train is about to proceed; and after
a slight delay, caused by a gentleman
who had forgotten which carriage he
was in, and who has to search each
carriage separately, we start again.
While half way between Poleworth and
Norrington, I see the child that was
given in my charge with his head as far
out of the window as he can reach, and
the train running between forty and
forty-five miles an hour. My heart is
in my mouth; in vain do I try to at-
tract his attention, but I cannot bear to
look at him. At last I see him draw in
his head very quickly, and guess the
cause—a speck has flown into his eyes
a contingency for which I have been
long hoping. I feel more relieved than
you could well imagine, and inwardly
vow never to accept the charge of any
more children.

The next stoppage is Sixbury Junction;
and after going out and scolding the
child, who has, I find, rubbed his
eye into a state of inflammation, I am
called to a carriage window and asked
do I change here for Didlowell?
"You've got into the wrong train,
ma'am; you should have changed at
Poleworth."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? They
put me in at London." (By the way,
whenever passengers are overcarried
they always say they were put in.)
"You'll have to wait five hours and
go to Poleworth by the up mail. The
ladies' waiting-room is on the other
platform; you'll find a nice fire there."

"Guard, guard," said a gentleman,
"I've been waiting these last five min-
utes." (The train has only been in two.)
"Get my luggage out—five portman-
teaus, two hat-boxes, one carpet-bag,
and two bonnet-boxes."

"Yes, sir."

"Can't you find my brown portman-
teau? Cursed nuisance! I'd rather
have left anything behind than that
portmanteau. Oh, you've found it, have
you? Now, where's the other hat-box?
Haven't you got it? Dear, dear! I
might as well have come without my
head as without that box. I never did
see anything like it; unless one looks
to everything one's self, there's nothing
right. I'll report this matter; a set of
lazy, good-for-nothing rascals! Why, I
saw it labeled myself." (But just here
I interrupt him by producing the hat-
box from under the seat where he had
been sitting.) "God bless me! under
the seat, was it? Ah, so it was. I

"No, no; it's somewhere in the sub-
urbs."

"Never heard of the suburbs before,
sir, never," and at this last sally the
passenger ceased his inquiries.

"Guard," says an elderly gentleman,
in a very nervous manner, "does this
train go to Camden?"

"No, sir; the train goes to Pole-
worth without stopping; the next train
for Camden."

A gentleman rushes up, panting and
out of breath, and says, "Ware?"

"Where?"

"Ware!" he reiterates.

"Where?"

"Ware!" he shouts at the top of his
voice—"W-a-r-e!"

"Oh, Ware. Your train is on the
left, beyond the refreshment-room;"
and off he rushes, wondering, no doubt,
at the stupidity of railway officials.

The five-minutes' bell now began to
ring, and a cry of "Take your seats,
please—going on," warns the passen-
gers that they must not linger any
longer in the bar or in the waiting-
rooms; and they mostly take their
seats, with the exception of one or two
regular obstinate ones, who never will
take their seats till the very last min-
ute, and thus frequently delay the train.

Standing by the van door, I am ad-
dressed by a lady: "Oh, guard, I
want my boxes put far back, please; I
am so afraid anything should be thrown
upon them, if they're in the front."

"Very good, ma'am, I'll put them
behind," and just as I have finished,
she rushes up out of breath, and says:
"Oh, my husband has not arrived; I
shall have to have them out;" and ac-
cordingly they are got out with infinite
difficulty, in consequence of their being
behind everything else.

A young man asks me which is the
carriage for Lily, and I am just open-
ing the door for him, when two men
touch him on the shoulder, and one
says: "Your name is Johnson, I be-
lieve?"

"Yes," he replies, looking around.

"Well, I want you."

"You haven't been long about it."

"No, we never are," said the detec-
tive, quietly, and marches him away.

The signal is now given to start, and
is instantly countermanded by the sta-
tion-master, who, accompanied by the
lady, wants her boxes put in again, as
her husband has just arrived; and I
put her and her husband into a car-
riage, and leave her with her head out
of the window, adjuring me to put those
boxes far behind; and after a delay of
quite a minute and a half wasted, leav-
ing on the platform a testy old gentle-
man, who had got out of his carriage to
enjoy the minute's delay, and walked a
little too far. And now that we are
once started, there is plenty to do; the
passengers' luggage to sort, the parcels
to sort and check, letters to sort, and to
keep a sharp look out. So the train
goes on, rushing, screeching, grating,
till it screams into Poleworth station,
where ten minutes are allowed for re-
freshments, and for the engine to take
water. The first person I meet on the
platform is, to my great surprise, the
elderly gentleman who wanted to go to
Camden.

"This is a fine thing, sir, to be over-
carried in this manner."

"It's entirely your own fault; I told
you the train didn't stop; you're about
forty miles away from Camden."

"Well, I know that; I thought there
were two trains, it's so confoundedly
long. What am I to do?"

"See the station-master by all means."

"Guard," says a lady at a carriage
window, "can you get a little milk for
my little dog?"

I manage to get it, take it to her, and
receive a shilling for my trouble, as she
terms it.

"Oh, guard, will you see that this
little boy is put down at Rolloston?"

"Well, I'll see, Miss. I've got plenty
to do without looking after youngsters.
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a slight delay, caused by a gentleman
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forty-five miles an hour. My heart is
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ma'am; you should have changed at
Poleworth."

"Oh, dear! what shall I do? They
put me in at London." (By the way,
whenever passengers are overcarried
they always say they were put in.)
"You'll have to wait five hours and
go to Poleworth by the up mail. The
ladies' waiting-room is on the other
platform; you'll find a nice fire there."

"Guard, guard," said a gentleman,
"I've been waiting these last five min-
utes." (The train has only been in two.)
"Get my luggage out—five portman-
teaus, two hat-boxes, one carpet-bag,
and two bonnet-boxes."

"Yes, sir."

put it there myself, for fear it should
get smashed among the other heavy lug-
gage."

As the road between Sixbury Junction
and Veltage is very straight and level, I
take advantage of it and begin to make
up my journal, as it is called. It is a
record of the times I arrive at and de-
part from stations, the number of ve-
hicles on the train, and any out-of-the-
way occurrences—in fact, answering the
same purpose to the train that a log-
book does to a ship. We arrive at Veltage
in due course, and are delayed, wait-
ing for the Scotch mail-train passen-
gers. While engaged in my van, a
porter comes and asks for "the British
Columbia's box," and a wag who is near
wants to know whether this train brought
it, or did it come special.

"I haven't got such a thing," I say.

"Oh, yes you have; it's a large green
box," and after ferreting out the large
green box, I find it belongs to the Bishop
of Columbia, who has been traveling in
the train.

"Guard," said a lady, "I wish you'd
request these young men to leave off
smoking."

"I can't, ma'am; they're in a smoking
compartment."

"Well, I can't see it written up. Why
don't they write it up large?"

"No, it isn't, for I looked myself;"
but on her getting out I showed her her
mistake, and instead of apologizing, she
merely says: "Well, they shouldn't
have put me in."

On returning to the brake, I find a
large, shaggy dog that had been put in
at Sixbury busily engaged in discussing
a basket of pork pies which he has got
from the parcels. They are rapidly dis-
appearing, and I do not dare to go near
him, as he shows his teeth and growls
in a manner simply terrible. I fetch
his owner from his carriage, and he calls
the dog off and laughs at the notion of
his paying anything for the damage; and
I take his name and address for fur-
ther use. Meanwhile, the arrival of
the mail again fits us for starting. I am
asked by a sailor, who has been in a state
of drunkenness for two days, and been
carried twice up to within twelve miles
of his destination, and then been taken
right away for want of changing, "Where
do I change for Helsing?"

"At Walleston."

"I've been trying to find Walleston
for two or three days, and blest if I
can."

I put him in the proper compartment,
give the signal, and the train again
speeds on its way; and while we are
traveling at a terrible speed, I see the
sailor getting out of his carriage and
walking along the foot-boards. I in-
stantly communicate to the driver to
stop, get out, and fortunately secure
him, and with the help of the under-
guard, put him into an empty milk-van
and lock him in, making sure of him
for the rest of the journey. Starting
again, we arrive in safety at Diddlecome.
A great many passengers get out here,
and a perfect storm of inquiries is di-
rected to me.

"I want that green box; don't you
see it?"

"No, I don't."

"It's right under your nose. Here,
wait; I'll get it myself."

But as it is a rule not to allow passen-
gers in the van, I decline to allow her to
get in herself, and get the box out, and
point out that it is blue, and not green,
nor hers at all.

"Guard, I want my hat-box."

"I don't see it, sir."

"I saw it put in at Kilby myself."

"I don't think you did, seeing we
don't stop at Kilby."

"Well, never mind; just get me my
hat-box."

"It isn't here."

"Then it ought to be. It's positive-
ly disgraceful; the management ought
to be kicked."

Here the porter who was attending to
him says:

"I've put your portmanteau and hat-
box on the cab, sir."

"The deuce you have! Where did
you get my hat-box?"

"You gave it me out of your hand
when you got out of the train."

I next release the sailor, and give him
to the station-master, who is going to
give him into custody, but lets him off,
as he is sobered, and expresses great re-
gret for the trouble he has given.

I am here much puzzled by a German
passenger, who was put in at Sixbury,
and who says: "Ist diese statione
Diddlecome?" After a good deal of
consideration I manage to make out his
meaning, and nod an affirmative. He
gets out.

"Geben sie mir meine bagage."

I stare, but recover on hearing the
word bagage; and as I cannot under-
stand what else he says I am obliged to
take every bit of luggage out of my
van, and let him claim what is his,
which he does by tapping the article
with his umbrella and saying: "Das
ist mein." On getting the whole of his
property he gives me a shilling, and
makes me a complimentary (at least I
hope so) speech, and then departs.

The warning cry of "Going on
please," hurries the passengers out of
the refreshment-rooms, complaining
dreadfully of the scantiness of the time
allowed; of the coffee which the bar-
maids give them, much too hot to drink;
and of the soup, which they only get
just as the train is about to start, and
have to leave almost untasted. Every-
thing being ready, we proceed; and
taking advantage of the quietness of the
line I take my dinner, when, just in the
middle of it, I feel a peculiar jerk, that
brings my heart into my mouth. I look
out of my break, fully expecting to see
the mangled remains of some man; but
am much relieved to find it is only a
small calf. It had strayed from an ad-
joining field on to the line, and being
too frightened by the approaching train
to escape, was cut to pieces. We arrive
at Godsend in excellent time, and I no-
tice a commercial traveler get into a
second-class carriage and join another
commercial, whose face I know well,
and suspecting these two worthies I keep
my eye upon them. The train now stops
at Dewlin; here a passenger requires a
foot-warmer; I tell him that they are
not kept at small stations, but that he
can have one at the next large station.
"And I'm to be perished with cold in
the meantime, am I? I call it disgrace-
ful. You ought to carry foot-warmer
in your break; it's large enough."

The train starts and I resume my

lookout, sort the remaining parcels and
letters, and presently we steam into
Rolloston station. Before the train
has nearly stopped, a girl, who sees a
relative, is imprudent enough to at-
tempt to get out, and is thrown down,
and cuts her face very badly. I take
her name and address and give it to the
station-master, who will most likely
summon her on behalf of the company.
Here I am again assailed by several
people, all of whom want their luggage
at once. In vain do I say: "I haven't
got a dozen pair of hands," for one or
two people immediately demand my
name, and threaten me with the condign
wrath of each and all of the upper offi-
cials of the line, with whom they (the
passenger) seem to be hand and glove.
The little boy's friends are here to meet
him; I give him up and am rewarded,
and hold my tongue as to his escapade,
for which he seems grateful. I am
called by the ticket-collector, who wants
to know where the commercial gentle-
men started.

"One came from London, and the
other got in at Godsend."

"You'll have to give me your names
and addresses, please," and on giving
them they are released. Their *modus
operandi* of swindling the company is
very neat; the one who starts from Lon-
don takes a ticket to the first stopping
station, namely Poleworth; they meet
by agreement at Godsend, where the
other one gets two tickets, and thus de-
frauds the company of one fare between
Poleworth and Godsend.

"Guard, when you go back to Lon-
don, if you go to the booking-office, I
left a shilling there; you may have it if
you can get it."

"Thank you, sir," and I smile as I
say it, for the chances of my getting it
are very remote.

"Guard, how is it that my box has
become so crushed?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"It's a great shame you fellows don't
take more care of passengers' luggage;
however, I shall put a claim in for it,
and so you'll be sure to hear of it
again."

Having examined my break, to see
that there is nothing left inside, made
up my journal, and settled with the
driver as to time, my trip is finished.

And thus the guard works day after
day, and year after year, at work at
which the workman would scoff, and call
no work; work, however, which
strains the tension of the nerves to the
utmost pitch, knowing, as he does, that
the slightest omission or wrong per-
formance of any one of his multifarious
duties may cause an accident that would
place him in the dock on a charge of
manslaughter, and render his dismissal
from the service inevitable in any event.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

The Temperance Crusade—Great Re-
joicing in Xenia, Ohio.

[Xenia Letter to the New York Tribune.]
The greatest victory yet achieved in
the Temperance war has been gained
here to-day in Whiteman street. The
nine saloons on that short street—five
within the space of 300 yards—have
gained an unenviable reputation, and
are known about town as "Shades of
Death," "Hell's Half Acre," "Certain
Death," "Mule's Ear," and "Devil's
Den." For three days the ladies have
labored almost incessantly in front of
the "Shades of Death," the proprietor
only seeming to grow more stubborn,
but at 2 p. m. to-day he opened his
doors; invited the ladies in, and an-
nounced his unconditional surrender.

The news flew as on the winds over the
town, and in a few minutes it seemed
that all the population were hurrying
toward Whiteman street. A dispatch
was sent to the State Convention of
Grangers, and that body, numbering
600, rose and indulged in three hearty
cheers. All the church bells were set
ringing, and the entire town turned out
to rejoice.

Reaching the scene of victory, I found
the proprietor rolling out his liquors
and delivering them to the women, the
latter, some 200 in number, mean-while
waking the echoes of the narrow street
with "Praise God, from whom all bless-
ings flow." Not only the women, but
ministers, merchants, and men of all
professions and trades, seemed over-
whelmed with joy. A half-barrel of
highwines, another of blackberry
brandy, three kegs of beer, some bottles
of ale, and a few gallons of whisky were
poured out amid the plaudits of a thou-
sand people. Then the leading lady of
the praying band made her address, in
which she announced that Mr. Phillips
had quit the liquor traffic without ex-
acting a single condition; that he pur-
posed to enter another business, and
they all felt it to be their Christian duty
to support him. Another shout and an-
other song, and the assembly became
too happy for orderly manifestation.

Some women were laughing, some cry-
ing, others praying, but the majority
rejoiced in song or silence. Nothing
was to be witnessed but tears, songs,
prayers, hand-shakings and congratula-
tions. In the outskirts of the crowd
was an old lady almost in hysterics,
but still shouting in that rapt manner one
often hears at camp-meetings, "Bless
the Lord! O! O! O! Bless the Lord!"
On inquiry I learned that she be-
longed to one of the first families in
the city, and is ordinarily a most quiet,
placid lady. One son she has lost by
intemperance, and another is in danger.
To her this victory over the saloons was
a consummation long prayed for.

A notable feature of the war in this
city for the last two days has been the
presence of a school of girls led by their
teacher, singing before the saloons such
songs as "Say, Mr. Barkeeper, has
father been here?" and "Father, dear
father, come home." It is seriously
proposed to close all the schools and
business houses for a portion of each
day that the whole population may be
brought to bear on the saloons.

PURIFICATION OF EXPENDED LUBRI-
CATING OIL.—Procure a tub of about 16
gallons capacity, supplied with one
spigot at the bottom, and one about
four inches above, and placing in it 5
quarts of boiling water, introduce 2,000
grains of chromate of potash, 1,540 of
soda, 1,920 of chloride of calcium, and
3,340 of common salt. Then add 50
quarts of the oil to be purified, stir
well for five to ten minutes, allow to
remain perfectly quiet for a week in a
warm place, and draw off the clear oil
by the upper spigot.

PATENT MEDICINE.—That there are
some good patent medicines no intelli-
gent man dare for a moment deny; and
pre-eminent is the great California hero
medicine, VINEGAR BITTERS, discovered
by Dr. J. WALKER, a prominent physi-
cian of San Francisco. This medicine,
although called Bitters, is not to be
classed among the vile "fancy drinks"
recommended and sold over the bar by
rum-venders, but is a combination of
pure herbarial extracts, known to pos-
sess sterling medicinal qualities, and is
compounded without the use in any
shape of spirits. Its action upon the
internal system is not stimulating to the
extent that alcoholic poison is, but it at
once attacks blood-impurities, and by
removing the original cause destroys
the germs of disease and invites return-
ing health. Its action upon the stom-
ach and liver render it an almost cer-
tain specific in the most stubborn cases
of dyspepsia, and in truth imparts new
life and vigor to the whole system. It
is one of the best medicines ever in-
vented.

HARVARD says that "enquire" is
right, and Yale says it is "inquire."

Triumph of American Pianos.

George Steck & Co., of New York, Re-
ceive the Gold Medal at the Vienna
Exposition.

The Imperial Commission at Vienna
have decided the question of merit in
piano-forte manufacture by awarding
the only Gold Medal within their gift
to Messrs. George Steck & Co., of N. Y.

This is a magnificent testimonial to the
wonderful beauties of tone and work-
manship in the Steck instruments, and
will unquestionably add to their already
well-established prestige. N. Y. Tribune.

The official letter is as follows:
VIENNA, Dec. 13, 1873.

"Geo. Steck, Esq.—SIR: I have the pleasure
of informing you that I this day received from
the Baron Schwarzenberg, a Gold Medal
awarded to you for the Pianos exhibited by
you at the Vienna Exposition."

"THOMAS McELRATH, U. S. Com'sr."

Deafness Caused by Catarrh.
Catarrh not infrequently produces deafness.

MR. LEVI SPRINGER, of Nettle Lake, (P. O.),
Williams Co., O., formerly of Durban's Cor-
ners, O., has been cured of deafness of four-
teen years' standing, by using Dr. Searles'
Catarrh Remedy. He was so deaf he could
not hear a person talk when seated by his side,
and could not hear the church bells ring two
miles distant—so he writes.

A MARKED CASE OF DEAFNESS CURED.
DIKEHOLM, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1871.
About one year ago I caught a severe cold
in the head, which terminated in a severe form
of Catarrh. During this time, I was unable
to hear, and I became so deaf that I was
unable to hear a person talk when seated by my
side, and I became so deaf that I was unable
to hear a person talk when seated by my side,
and I became so deaf that I was unable to hear
a person talk when seated by my side.

At this season of the year, when so
many of our people are suffering from colds,
we call attention to AYER'S CATHARTIC
as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds,
but all affections of the lungs and throat.
Having used it in our family for many years,
we can speak from personal knowledge of its
efficiency. There may be other remedies that
are good, but in all our experience this has
proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are
uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant
to take, and should be kept at command, by
every family, as a protection against a class
of complaints which seem harmless in the be-
ginning, but become afflictive and dangerous
if neglected.—N. H. Register.

THE NATIONAL SYRIGAL INSTITUTE OF
INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, after fifteen years of
experience has become the largest Institution of the
kind in America, and has been remarkably suc-
cessful in the treatment of Paralysis, Human
deformities, Piles, Catarrh, Fistula, and
Chronic diseases. We understand that they treat